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University of the State of New York

ANSON JUDD UPSON L.H.D. D.D. LL.D.

Regent

OF THE

University of the State of New York  
1874-1902

Vice Chancellor 1890-92 Chancellor 1892-1902

A MEMORIAL

ALBANY

UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

1903

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1903

**ANSON JUDD UPSON**

Born November 7, 1823

Died June 15, 1902

Elected Regent of the University February 11, 1874

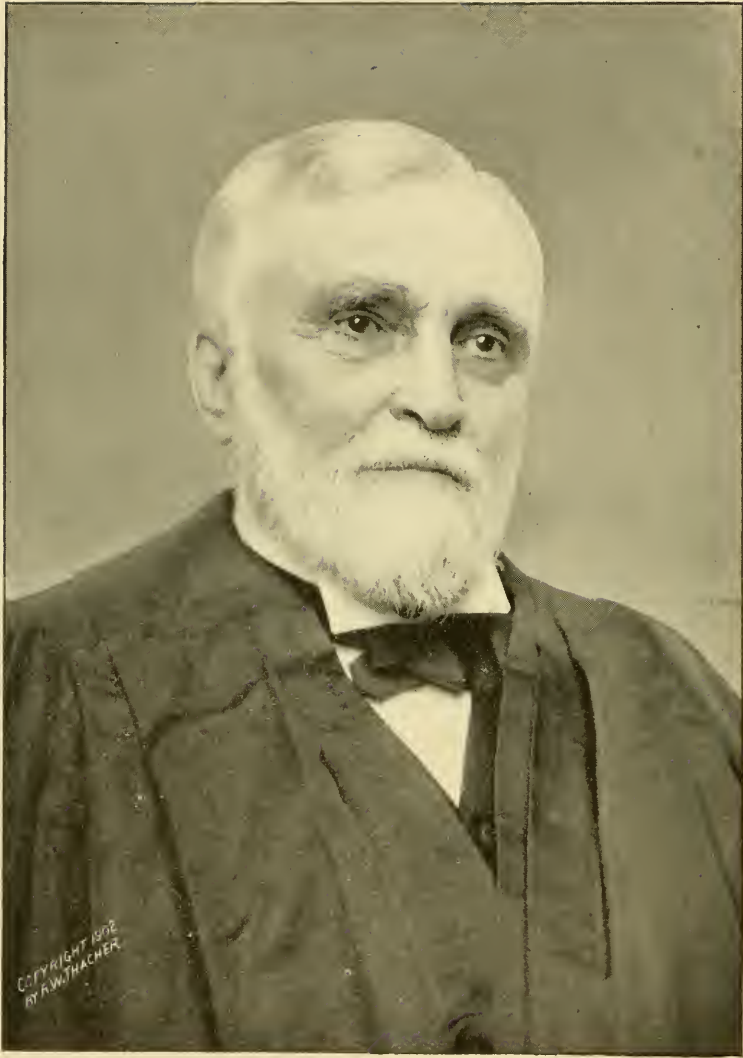
Elected Vice Chancellor January 30, 1890

Elected Chancellor September 29, 1892

Gift.  
S. B. Griswold  
JUL 11 1898







ANSON JUDD UPSON L.H.D. D.D. LL.D.

Regent of the University 1874-1902

Vice Chancellor 1890-92      Chancellor 1892-1902

## ANSON JUDD UPSON

Anson Judd Upson, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, died in Glens Falls, June 15, 1902, in the 79th year of his age. He was born in Philadelphia Pa., Nov. 7, 1823, the son of Dana Judd and Mary Clarke Upson. His father dying while he was still of tender years and his mother remarrying, his boyhood was passed mainly in the family of his grandfather, William Clarke, in Utica, to which place he was signally attached during his life and where, at his own frequently expressed desire, he is buried. He pursued his preliminary studies at the Utica Academy, entered Hamilton College as a sophomore in the fall of 1840, and was graduated therefrom in 1843, with one of the highest honors of his class, specially excelling in belles-lettres. He was affiliated with the Sigma Phi fraternity and became one of its most prominent and devoted members. On the chartering of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa at Hamilton, he was also enrolled in that sodality of scholars. After leaving college, he studied law for two years in the office of Spencer & Kernan in Utica, but without being admitted to the bar; and, conscious that his true vocation was that of a teacher, he accepted a tutorship in Hamilton in 1845, with the faculty of which he was associated for the ensuing 25 years, being appointed adjunct professor of rhetoric and moral philosophy in 1849, and professor of logic, rhetoric and elocution in 1853.

In the esteem of the alumni of that institution and in that of others familiar with his work as well, these were the most productive and persuasive years of Chancellor Upson's long and honorable career. To his leading, the exalted reputation which Hamilton has maintained in the department of rhetoric, and the prominent positions in politics and the professions which so many of her sons have assumed, are largely, if not chiefly, due. To keen critical powers of analysis of the construction of the English tongue, a wide range of reading and an intimate acquaintance with the best authors, he added the gift of imparting knowledge and a special aptitude for directing the processes of composition. As a drillmaster, he was unexcelled—earnest, exact, painstaking, proficient, and he stamped his individuality on his pupils. In educational circles, he was regarded as the most thoroughly equipped and inspiring instructor of elocution of his day. He materially enlarged and improved the system of Mandeville, and the continued rhetorical superiority of Hamilton College shows that his successors have profited by his teaching and emulated his methods. Of him Prof. Oren Root, once his student and always his friend, thus writes: "He used to the best advantage all there was in him. He threw the whole of himself into every bit of work he undertook. This was his strength as a drill-

master; he identified himself with the declamation or oration, and he put himself into the other fellow's place. He did not drill men to imitate him, but to give forth themselves in the best fashion. He even drilled men to speak better than he could. Moreover, the heart of the man was a factor always in his favor."

It was at this period that Chancellor Upson, both because he wished to supplement the narrow stipend of a college professor and because he had something to say, entered the lecture field and immediately became one of its chief attractions, speaking not less than 300 times in New England, New York and the western states. It was the golden age of the lyceum, in which the scholars, the wits, the philosophers and the statesmen of the land instructed, as well as entertained, their audiences and had eager welcome and appreciative hearing. Among those who appeared on the rostrum were Thomas Starr King, Henry Ward Beecher, John B. Gough, George William Curtis, Mark Hopkins, Alonzo Porter, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Bayard Taylor, Edward L. Youmans, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Vandenhoff and Anna E. Dickinson; and in this radiant galaxy the young college professor, with his timely themes and graceful periods, was a brilliant star. His thought was earnest, his diction at once forceful and attractive, his knowledge wide and well digested, his voice finely modulated, his manner attractive, and withal his humor was delicate and delicious. His subjects were various, and such as were becoming to the scholar and the man of letters, but there was one, *The Childlike Spirit*, the treatment of which was specially felicitous and fascinating, and the memory of which still lingers in the minds of many, who were privileged to listen to it, as does the *Sir Philip Sidney* of George William Curtis. A few extracts from this celebrated lecture will not be inopportune as specimens of its author's style at the time indicated:

When Coleridge defined genius to be that faculty which makes new intellectual combinations, perhaps he could lay no claim to novelty, but he rises almost into the region of inspiration when he flashes out upon us this additional truth: "The moral accompaniment of genius, its actuating principle, is the carrying on the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood." Simply to maintain in our emotional life that continuous accumulation which we all of us maintain in our intellectual progress, simply to maintain that which the soldiers call a line of communication, which, starting from the fountain of childlike feeling, a sparkling stream, shall permeate and freshen with continuous verdure the dry intellectual acquisitions and achievements of a life; this it is to exemplify the line of Horace, this it is "to live to the last as life began"—to live a life consistent with itself. Then, indeed, is Wordsworth right, the child *is* the father of the man, and our days *are* "bound each to each by natural piety." To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood is the moral accompaniment without which even genius is worthless . . .

There are certain characteristics, which involuntarily and without conscious analysis we associate with childhood. Such are simplicity, sincerity, humility, reverence, gentleness, cheerfulness, a sense of novelty, humor . . .



We know each other not so much by what we say and do, as by what we are. We shall never know each other. We can not even know ourselves. There is in each life a daily, hourly conflict of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, one's closest friend can never know. We speak to each other in the silver tones of confidence and trust, yet there is between our souls a veil, which can never be withdrawn. Now and then, some great master uplifts a corner and lets us catch a glimpse of the human heart, opens for us little pictures of human life, and, as if triumphing in his own strength, and in derision of our weakness, calls these pictures plays! And so we worship that great master, while we call him Shakspeare! We can not know each other; only one being can know us, and Him we can never completely know. Yet it is that Divine Being who has given unto men those intuitions, by which they instinctively detect and despise habitual deception. A simple minded woman has many a time at a single glance seen through a complicated web of artifice and crime, which years of intricate reasoning would never have unraveled. Ostentations, affectations, shams of all sorts, many a little child, with its serious eyes, and many a man, with the spirit of a little child, has at a glance disrobed and detected . . .

There is certainly no better criterion of the intellect of a nation or race than the answer to the simple question, What in their politics and religion, do they worship? I know it is frequently said of us as a nation that we have no reverence; that our self-reliance has made us so blind that we have fairly fallen down into the receptacle of self-conceit and vanity. And certainly, when you remember that you seldom see a boy amongst us now; that every day each one of us deems himself competent to settle the most perplexed question of morals, metaphysics and finance, as well as politics, by his vote; and that there is no country in the world where the argument from the authority of great names, or from the experience of the past, is so utterly futile; when we remember these facts, it does seem as if there could not be much reverence amongst us. But we think it is not difficult to show that one of the chief causes of the elevation of the common mind of the country, paradoxical as it may seem, is this one of the actuating principles of genius. Croakers may not be willing to admit the fact, but we think it plain that such has been the effect of habitual reverence on our national character, that here every man reveres that which is above the comprehension of the common mind in other countries. For in our politics and our religion we have learned, as no other people have learned, to worship a conception—an abstraction or ideal. Dr Livingstone has told us of tribes in central Africa who shout with convulsive laughter when they see us kneel down and worship something in the air—nothing, as they think it is. But our ancestors in the woods of Germany would have laughed at them. Our Teutonic race from the very beginning has been exalted by this reverence. We all know that our German ancestors did not, like the Romans, immure their deities in temples, nor did they represent them by any human form. "They consecrated their woods and groves and called by the name of God that divine presence which filled the place, which they saw with the eye of the mind alone." And this has been the prevailing form of the worship of our Teutonic race ever since, whether that worship has been in the woods of Germany, or the marshes of Holland, on the hills of Norway or the highlands of Scotland, or the coasts of England, or the rocks of Plymouth; whether the worship has been pagan or Christian, it has been an intellectual paganism or a spiritual Christianity. There are those who say that the spiritu-

ality of our Teutonic Christian worship is simply the result of the intellect of the race. We believe that exactly the opposite is true: we believe the intellectual power of our Teutonic race is, under the good providence of God, a result of the spirituality of its worship; because the Teutonic mind must be exalted and expanded by the very effort to comprehend, in order that it may worship a conception.

So early as 1856, Chancellor Upson's thought turned toward the Christian ministry, to which he subsequently dedicated himself. Having embraced the Christian faith and identified himself with the presbyterian communion, he began the study of theology in the year specified, and in 1859 was licensed to preach. His services were in frequent requisition in the pulpits of central New York, and, in 1870, he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian church in Albany, to the exceeding regret of the friends of Hamilton College. Then followed a decade of most acceptable service and spiritual leading in that historic church. His administration is a memorable one. His congregation was devoted to him. He was honored and beloved as a pastor and admired for the strength and purity of his deliverances. He held first rank among the clergymen of the capital city, and visitors as well as residents were attracted by his preaching, which was characterized by the same vigor and clarity as his secular utterances. He was a member of the General Assembly of his church in 1871 and 1877, as also in 1884, a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, in Belfast, in 1884, and preacher at Cornell University in 1876. In 1880, he resigned his Albany charge to become professor of sacred rhetoric and pastoral theology in the Auburn Theological Seminary, where he remained till 1887, when he resigned because of impaired health, and was made professor emeritus. Of his service in the seminary Prof. James Stevenson Riggs thus writes:

It was in 1880 that Dr Herrick Johnson accepted a call to Chicago and left the chair of homiletics in Auburn Theological Seminary vacant. The loss of this able teacher was severely felt and for a time it seemed irreparable. Sorrow was turned into joy, however, when the friends and students of the seminary learned that the Rev. Anson J. Upson D.D., of the Second Presbyterian church of Albany, had accepted the invitation of the commissioners to succeed Dr Johnson. It was a happy choice. Rarely have men been fitted so completely and thoroughly for work to which they have been called as was Dr Upson for this chair. He brought to the seminary the riches of a long, successful professorship of rhetoric and elocution in Hamilton College as well as those of a faithful, able and prospering pastorate in Albany. The force of this splendid training was soon felt among the students. The keenness and penetration of his criticism was always balanced by the breadth and power of his sympathy. Nor was it by any means simply training that made itself felt in all his Auburn work. Back of it and in it, pervading the whole like the sunshine of a June day, was the genial, high-souled personality of the man. From the very beginning he was the friend of the students. It sometimes happens that a professor is admired for his intellectual gifts, his thorough methods and his personal power—but not loved. Or he may be loved for his unflinching sympathy, his cordial helpfulness and his consistent character, but not admired. Dr Upson had both the admiration and affection of all

Auburn men who knew him. He himself exemplified the highest ideals of the preacher. He held himself vigorously to the most careful, thoughtful preparation for the pulpit. He scorned slovenly intellectual work and turned on it the scathing fire of his criticism, whenever he discovered it in the students; and yet he was patient, encouraging and stimulative with all men who were honest in effort and devoted in purpose. He was peculiarly fitted to keep homiletics in close touch with life and thus make it vital. Mere scholastic correctness was to him intolerable. He aimed to make the pulpit human—a source of power for lives needing comfort, cheer and courage. That spirit was infused into the students. His sense of humor made the classroom always a delight. Many a time its genial play has saved a man from a sore heart or a discouraged mood. Who can ever forget the merry twinkle of his eye or the hearty laugh that resulted from his quick perception of the incongruous or the ludicrous in some would-be solemn effort of a fresh young theologian? I have known him to labor two years with a man, striving in hopeful patience to rid him of some misconception in speaking. He knew men almost intuitively; their elements of weakness or power were open to him at a glance; and, from the time they entered the seminary, he directed his whole force intellectual and cordial, to the proper discipline of his "new friends." He had that rare power of being able to discern individuality in men and in all proper ways of strengthening it. There was no monotonous level in the public expression of the men who came from under his care. They had been taught to be themselves and to give their message all the effectiveness which their own personality could put into it. As one looks back on the work of Dr Upson in Auburn, one can get some idea of the real breadth of manhood and of intellectual view required of a true teacher of elocution. It is not strange that they are few. No work needs greater psychologic insight than this. What is more, this insight can not be gained but in small part from books and printed rules. It comes only from contact with men; from rich experience in the study of life, otherwise an undue emphasis may be put on mechanical helps and machine methods. No man who heard them is likely to have forgotten soon Dr Upson's merciless criticisms of "pulpit tones," mouthing oratory, clerical conceits and highflying rhetoric. Even a few hours in the classroom made one who was tempted to use such stilts to lift him up, a sadder and wiser man.

With such conceptions of preaching and such qualities of character, it is not surprising that Dr Upson was eagerly sought for as a supply for vacant pulpits in New York State. Men loved to hear his vital, sympathetic message and they were only too glad to have him as a guest in their homes. More than one large church in central and western New York was in no hurry to call a pastor when it could have the ministrations of this noble preacher. He fed the people and inspired them to truer living.

There is one hour of the seminary weekly routine that from countless associations lives in the memory of every Auburn graduate, and that is the hour of devotional service on Monday evening. At this time the professors speak on purely spiritual themes and seek to give an impulse upward to the life of the seminary. The students were always on hand in full body when it came Dr Upson's turn to speak. They expected a soul-stirring message, and they were not disappointed. I have heard him in the whole round of religious themes—some stern, fearless and uncompromising, others wise, carefully discriminating and just, still

others, tender, delicate and full of sympathy. They were uniformly helpful. Into them he put the strength of his mind and fulness of his experience and the best of his heart, and they did much to keep life here pure and high minded.

A deep shadow indeed fell over us when a severe illness prostrated him and he was forced for a time to give up his work. He did not get his full strength again, and a second attack compelled him at last to give up entirely. He wisely followed his physician's advice, and was thus spared for years to those who loved him. It was not easy for him or for us, his colleagues in the faculty, or for the students to say "good by." The years had bound us very closely to him. In the faculty he had been a wise counselor and a beloved coworker. In the social life of the city he had always been a welcome participant. In the church he was widely influential. It seemed inexplicable that he should be obliged to stop working just when he was making his life tell mightily for everything good. It is, however, not to be forgotten that it was only with his own mental and physical powers that he stepped aside to rest. As long as the men whom he trained are in field, he still works on. They are more effective men because of him. They are exemplifying the ideals which, in part, he gave them. The impress of his discipline is on them, the impulse of his noble teachings still urges them on. His own lips are silent and yet he speaks in many a pulpit. The fragrance of his blessed life is still with us here in Auburn.

The closing years of Chancellor Upson's life were passed in Glens Falls, save when his official duties called him to Albany. In 1872 he was elected a trustee of Hamilton College, which office was vacated by his election as a Regent of the University in 1874. He was chosen Vice Chancellor in 1890, and Chancellor, on the death of George William Curtis, in 1892. This last honor was the fitting crown of his lettered life. He obtained it naturally and logically, and his associates in the board conferred it on him as pertinently as unanimously. He brought to the discharge of his high functions, large experience in the work of higher education in the State and an enlightened apprehension of its needs. His academic service had prepared him for the supervision which fell to him. His tenure as head of the University included its constitutional definition, the broadening of its jurisdiction and a marked advance in the vigor as well as in the scope of its administration, and much of the progress accomplished must be attributed to his forethought, sympathy and attention to details. Impartial and courteous as a presiding officer, with a generous deference to the views of his associates, he secured their respect, confidence and affection. By his uniformly considerate bearing toward the subordinates in the office he also won their regard; while the trustees and faculties of the various institutions with which he had relations bore willing testimony to his capacity and fidelity. He was laureated by a number of New York colleges, Hamilton conferring the degree of doctor of divinity in 1870, Union that of doctor of laws in 1880, and Colgate that of doctor of letters in 1895. His addresses before the convocation were distinguished for their luminous presentation of educational issues. They were clear, concise and convincing. If he emphasized one point more than another,

it was his consistent vindication of the American college, as against undue eclecticism in its curriculum. Not hostile to much that the new education proposes, he was yet conservative of all that experience has revealed as of value in the old, and he was an ardent champion of the classics as disciplinary agencies in a liberal education, and never hesitated so to declare himself. To the last, his speech was earnest and forcible, and none could fail to understand its meaning. As Chancellor he was at once a scholar and man of affairs. In the fulness of years, he has departed, leaving a record of faithfulness to duty in all the positions he filled. As a teacher he was splendidly equipped and singularly conscientious, as a preacher of the Word magnetic and persuasive, as Chancellor of the University dignified, affable and learned, and as a man he was upright, gracious and lovable, and as modest and unassuming as he was attractive. Had he been more aggressive, he might possibly have achieved a larger reputation, but he could not have cemented warmer friendships nor have exercised a more beneficent influence than he did through his extended life. He was married in 1860 to Lydia Farlin, by whom he is survived.

C. E. F.

#### SERVICES AT GLENS FALLS

Preliminary funeral services for Chancellor Upson were held Tuesday morning, June 17, in the Presbyterian church, Glens Falls, where he had been a constant attendant during his residence in that village. Some two years previously, he had outlined the arrangements for his funeral and burial, and they were carried out in accordance with his wishes. The services were in charge of the Rev. John R. Mackay, the pastor, assisted by the Rev. Everett R. Sawyer D.D., pastor of the Baptist church at Sandy Hill, and the Rev. C. D. Kellogg, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Sandy Hill. The principal address was made by Dr Sawyer, the prayer was offered by Mr Kellogg, and brief remarks were made by Mr Mackay, who also read the selections from Scripture. The hymns were sung by a quartet choir in charge of Mr W. F. Bissell. The bearers named by Dr Upson were D. C. Farr, John L. Cunningham, LeRoy C. Rockwell, Charles H. Wilson, E. T. Johnson and A. Wurtemberg. Dr Sawyer's address was mainly confined to personal impressions of the Chancellor's life and work in the relations of an intimate friendship, and was as follows:

The word which I have to say at this service is that of an imperfect but heartfelt tribute to the memory of a friend.

Along the pathway of the years we meet with many a life which makes no special impression on our own. We exchange familiar greetings; we are conscious, it may be, of kindly thoughts going out to one and another, and hope at least for like thoughts to be directed in return toward ourselves. And that is all. There is no entering into the secret chambers of the heart. The door is closed to us; or, if it seem to be opened, we do not seek or choose to enter. But here and there we meet with a life that in some special manner impresses us by its apparent fulness and richness. We are attracted toward it; and, if

so be we are admitted to its fellowship and comradeship, we come to account its helpful and inspiring influence as above all price. Such was the life which our beloved brother, entered into rest, lived here among us—a life of singular gentleness and yet, as we were made to feel in its presence, thoroughly true to its own deepest convictions and strong in its steadfast purpose.

We think with admiring interest of the distinguished service which he rendered through so long a term of years in the public stations to which he was called and which he so well filled, in the cause of education and in the Christian ministry. We think of the great number of young men who were led to aspire for something higher and better in their aims and ambitions under the influence of his instructions and his example. But with some of us at least the thought of Dr Upson and the memory of him in coming years will also be the thought and memory of an ideal friend. And in the very qualities which made his friendship so precious to us will be found in part the secret of that success with which his life work was crowned. One could not sustain any personal and intimate relation with Dr Upson without being convinced of his deep and constant sincerity, a basilar quality of all real friendship. Beneath his tact, his quick mental touch, his uniform amenity we soon came to feel that there was the steady beating of a true, warm, brave heart. He had a just scorn of all disguises and pretense. And, because for himself ever choosing and seeking the higher realities of life, he was in an eminent degree prepared to be a helpful counselor and safe guide. He *knew men*. He knew how to weigh character by a judgment at once discriminating and just.

But it was not on this account alone that he drew friends around him, and that his friendship was so highly prized. There was another side to his nature, and that no less apparent to one who came to know him.

The choicest friendships are those which feel most strongly the bond of a magnetic sympathy. To be able to enter into and adapt oneself to the thought, the emotion and the circumstances of another, this is to have the secret of making friends; and this gift of heart touch and heart expression Dr Upson possessed in an unusual degree. He so well knew "how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." Keenly sensitive to another's pain or trial, he was, at the same time, most thoughtful of practical means to afford relief and comfort. His long and varied experience supplied a large fund of cheer and counsel which he generously imparted as there was need.

Some of us I am sure in depressed and troubled hours have sought his presence to prove for ourselves the strength and tenderness of his sympathy, and to be helped by his words of counsel to take up with new hope and courage the burden of duty. And to give him one's confidence was to know that it was safe. His loyalty to all who reposed their faith in him could be implicitly trusted amid shifting winds of popular favor or the heavy shadows of adversity. He was ever grieved to learn of any estrangement between those who should be living and working in fellowship and accord; and I recall that tender earnestness with which he once said to me that, among the attractions of a future life for him, was an assurance that "there will be no misunderstandings in Heaven."

He had that charity which the late Professor Drummond described as "the greatest thing in the world," and of which St Paul wrote, "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; . . . thinketh no evil."

His truly catholic spirit was exemplified in his relations with his brethren of different religious bodies. While he never concealed his strong attachment to the creed to which he subscribed, and was ever a staunch defender of the teachings which it set forth—while the first place in his heart was given to this church in whose fellowship he so delighted to share, and of whose beloved and honored pastors he was wont to speak with sincere affection, his was still that true spirit of brotherhood which recognizes Christian worth under whatever conditions it may be found, and bears its cheerful testimony to whatever is genuine in Christian character in all branches of the one “household of faith.” And so in our sense of loss and sorrow today we bless God for this life whose hallowed influences and sacred memories will abide with us—a life which through so many years and varied spheres of usefulness was consecrated to highest objects in Christlike ministry, and which so exemplified the true ideal of life as “not a cup to be drained, but a measure to be filled.”

For one who thus lived there could be no fear of death. In the patience and cheerfulness with which he approached life's close was reflected the light of that Unseen Presence that attended all his way—even that of the Blessed Saviour in whose steps he walked, in whose nearer vision it is now given him to rejoice, and whose greeting he has now received—“Well done!”

In connection with the services at Glens Falls, a tribute from the pen of Prin. D. C. Farr was published, from which the following extracts are made:

Among the many young men who came directly under the influence of his strong personality and today have impressed themselves in turn on their fellow men are such men as Charles Dudley Warner, Senator Hawley, Herrick Johnson, Elihu Root, Melancthon W. Stryker and a host of others who are honoring the influence of their noble and inspiring teacher in so many parts of our country and so many different walks of life.

The secret of his large success as a teacher is found in the great love which he felt toward each one of his students, which in turn awakened a love for him, which resulted in a strong and helpful friendship that was an abundant source of inspiration to both teacher and taught. The strength of the love which bound him to his students and his students to him is shown by the fact that these friendships formed in youth have but grown stronger with advancing years; and, when old age had fallen on both, their attachment for each other strengthened as they each came to see a more perfect and highly developed character resulting from the friendship so early formed.

Dr Upson's work as a teacher was not confined to the college classroom, but early in his career he was called to the lecture platform, where he instructed and delighted audiences of cultured people in all parts of our country. Among these lectures there is one that will ever shine as a star of the first magnitude, *The Childlike Spirit*, so like himself that one can easily see that it is the child of his own spirit. This lecture has been given upward of two hundred times in all parts of our country and always with the greatest delight to his audiences. It is said that, had Dr Upson never done any other work besides this, his reputation among the American men of letters would have been secure.

Dr Upson won an honored position among the great preachers of this country. For 10 years he filled an important pulpit in the city of Albany. His reputation as a preacher rested on the double fact that

he had something to say and knew how to say it in felicitous language. It can be truly said of every sermon that he ever preached that it contained a full justification for its existence.

Dr Upson was a scholar along many lines, but specially along that of his mother tongue. Very few writers of our country have been able to use it with more exactness and force than he could.

Being thus endowed with a keenly appreciative mind, which could easily grasp and assimilate the thoughts of others, and with the power of elegant expression, he was possessed of the rare power of the rhetorician whose every sentence would bring real joy to the reader of taste and culture.

In our hasty analysis of the elements which have made Dr Upson great, we have touched on his ability as a teacher, a preacher, a scholar, yet we are sure that we have not yet reached that element of his being which is superior to all others and towers above them all as the lofty summit of some snow-capped peak towers above those foothills which mark the beginning of the mountain region. That element of superiority is that of friendship. In this he showed himself at his best; in this he gave the most and received the most in return. The intimacies which existed between himself and his friends were so close that, while he most powerfully influenced them, he in turn was influenced by their strong nature, which he helped so powerfully to form. Hence it was true that the power which he sent forth from himself to bless and enrich the lives of others in turn came back to him in increased measure, which fact explains the rich and powerful life which he lived. While his friendships were strong, they were no less loyal. No one ever confided his faith to the keeping of this friend and ever felt that it had been betrayed.

Such elements as these must make friends, and such they did, as is evidenced by the very great number in every part of our land today who mourn the death of Dr Upson as that of a personal friend. Such has been the life of this truly good and great man, and such it will continue to be in time to come. He has lived a fruitful life in the lives of multitudes whom he has inspired with his own noble sentiments and high ideals, and such influences will still be fruitful for good as long as any of these virtues which he has inculcated find a lodgment in any human soul. As we think over the past of this truly successful life and view it as a whole, we can truly say, "Inspiring teacher, noble preacher, discriminating scholar, magnanimous friend, rest from thy labors, for thy works shall follow thee."

#### SERVICES AT UTICA

The services at Utica were held in the afternoon of Wednesday, June 18, at the Reformed church, and were attended by a large and distinguished body of mourners. The Board of Regents was represented by the Honorables Charles R. Skinner, Charles E. Fitch, Henry E. Turner, St Clair McKelway, Carroll E. Smith, Pliny T. Sexton and Albert Vander Veer, the last named being a pallbearer. James Russell Parsons jr, secretary of the board, and Frederick J. H. Merrill, director of the State Museum, were present. Many alumni of Hamilton College and Auburn Theological Seminary, together with personal friends from various parts of the State, were also in attendance. The honorary bearers were Hon. Milton H. Merwin, Hon. Alfred C. Coxe, F. W. H.



Sheffield, George M Weaver, Charles B. Rogers, all of Utica, and Regent Albert Vander Veer of Albany. The active bearers were D. R. Peet, P. H. Judd, W. R. Bloyer, F. W. Paton, J. W. Robinson, and H. L. Stowell, all students of Hamilton College and members of the Sigma Phi fraternity. Among the relatives and friends present, besides the stricken wife, were the Rev. James Deane, of Delaware county—a foster brother—Mrs Lyons and Mrs Van Benthuisen of Albany, and Mrs Diggar, Allsie McAdam and Esther McAdam, of New York. The arrangements at Utica, as at Glens Falls, including the selection of pallbearers, were suggested by Dr Upson. The services opened with the hymn *Ask Me what Great Things I Know*, by a quartet composed of Mrs G. Ray Hoff, Mrs A. H. Dobson, E. A. Ballou, and L. D. Tourtellot. The Rev. Dr James S. Riggs, of the Auburn Theological Seminary, read the chosen passages from the Bible—the 28th Psalm and portions of the eighth chapter of Romans and the seventh chapter of Revelation. Dr Riggs then offered an earnest prayer, and the choir sang *Jesus, the very Thought of Thee*. The Rev. Melancthon Woolsey Stryker D.D., formerly a student at Hamilton College under Dr Upson and now the president of that institution, then delivered a touching, appropriate and chastely eloquent address, speaking substantially as follows:

We are gathered, dear friends, in a room that was full of associations and was very dear to him whose dust we bring here this day and whose silent form we surround with reverent affection and lift up our hearts on the wings of Christian praises, with a common confidence, I trust, in that Saviour whom he adored and whom he followed, who has gone. We are here today, a company of friends and of neighbors. We are here, however, as representatives of a far larger group of those who loved the man whose body we are to bury. It is with the utmost gratitude and with a humble sense of the honor that I find myself called to say these few words. It is because it is given me to speak for the college that was always dear to his heart that you listen now. My friend who is with me here comes to us representing another great and honored school with which the love of his life was closely linked. There are those before me who know him in other relations, large relations, important, public, wide of report. We gather then representing many thoughts and many spheres of activity and of honorable and accomplished usefulness. The young men who bore this body into this house of God this afternoon are just of a piece with those classes that on that hillside a little way from here he taught and loved. They did not know him, or knew him almost not at all. Some of us who are here were his pupils. Some of us are here who were his personal, warm friends. I speak to, as I speak for many who knew him long ago and with this variety of chaplets and with this unanimity of admiring love we gather, not in his behalf, but in our own, to strew the perishing blossoms of human tribute on his life.

The story of our friend is familiar surely to this household company. It is highly appropriate that we should gather in this house and in this city, for long ago—it must seem long ago even to those who can remember it, if there are any here now—away back in the fore part of the last century, our friend, a fatherless lad, came with his mother to this inland

town, where all the fruitage of his life was to be established and where so much of this fruitage was to be exercised, by reason of strength nigh to four score years. Not always is it labor and sorrow, for not all of labor is sorrow. It is well to labor if it must be sorrowful, but to our friend it was labor and joy, for all I know, almost to the very last day, certainly I know down to the very last year. To live to be more than 78 years old is to make a record that demands recognition both from heart and from mind, from those who watched him. He was a schoolboy here then, and from here he went in slower days than these to the hillside almost within your sight from this lofty street, and there he studied and was in the class of 1843. We do not know, any of us, what doors are open or into what avenues they lead. Who can guess that? And yet 30 years of his life our friend was to spend on that fair hill. It was there and in that work that slowly and steadily his mind turned clear and firm in Christian conviction toward Christian consecration. It was with that college church and in it that he confessed his faith. It was while there that he was admitted to be a preacher by the authorities of this local presbytery. It was while there that by that same presbytery he was ordained to the Christian ministry, and so it came to 1870, and there are some faces here who remember those last years and the great sadness that fell on that hill when it was told us in the class of '70 that Dr Upson had graduated from that college work.

It tinged that whole summer with sadness for all who knew. Ten brave, busy years followed as a most distinguished preacher of the capital city; seven years at the head of the department of rhetoric and preaching in Auburn Seminary; since 1874, overlapping, a member of that honored body—the University of the State of New York, today officially and not merely represented in this company. Some ten years later Dr Upson came to the vice chancellorship of the Regents of this State and then—I believe it was in 1892—succeeding that gifted and lamented scholar, George William Curtis, he was promoted to the highest academic dignity that the State of New York can name.

Now, dear friends, here in the compass of these three or four partitions is a broad and fulfilled life. Appropriately I say here, because, wherever his home was, with great loyalty to the city of his boyhood his heart turned here. I remember—may I say it now—that some years ago I spoke to him as delicately as I knew how, uttering the hope that, when he came to pillow his head in the earth, it might be on our well loved campus on College hill, and he wrote me one of those affectionate letters that flowed so easily from his sweet pen and thanked me and said, “No, Utica is my home. There are my kindred; there they lie, and there I shall be buried;” and today, in all the beauty of a perfect June, we carry his body, with peace in our hearts, to the good pillow of the earth and give his soul, surrender our share, to the God who has taken it, who has taken him to His presence. It was a life that at every stage made the most of its opportunity and its abilities, and that life is a maximum life. All that our friend had he poured into the friendship of his affectionate purpose and molded into all the forms of his various activities. Some of us loved him as a dear teacher, an inspirer of high and fine ideals, an example of delicate discrimination and of the keenest interpretation; moreover of rare courtesy and gentle manliness. All that he had; and some of us perhaps there are who can remember words of deeper exhortation which fell personally from his lips, of whom, thank God, I am one. He was a noble preacher and spoke abroad in this region to those who loved to

hear him. And he was a great teacher, not only on yonder hill but at the theological seminary; and by more discernment than justified the event the authorities of the State University chose well when he was appointed to that dignified and representative office which so gracefully and greatly he filled to the last. He made friends here, a boy. May I say that my own dear mother, long, long dead, was one of the companions of his childhood in this old town of Utica. He made friends on that hill 9 miles away. He made dear friends as a minister and pastor. They learned to love him and mourned him when he went from the seminary from which my brother comes with his greeting. And those who were associated with him in that work which may seem to us sometimes a merely technical and routine matter, held him in tenderest regard. He did somewhat, I am sure, to make that dignified body a more compact, a more genial, a more enthusiastic group of men. His was a nature that longed for affection, shy somehow, sensitive often, I do not say over-sensitive, keen to discern, with fine touch and tact that recognized a situation, with a certain thermometric quality of his heart with which he recognized the temperature of the spirits that came to him, and quick to respond. With an eye that could twinkle, he loved love. Long ago I remember, ten, twenty, thirty, more years than that ago, our friend delivered a lecture that was famous in this region, on *The Power of the Childlike Spirit*. It was his spirit. The bud on the tree is fair and white and fragrant and dainty and it falls. The hard, nervy youth succeeds it, a contrast with sweet infancy, a poor prophecy of the fruit that shall be. Summer ripens and swells and paints the fruitage. The winds shake roughly the boughs of the tree. The alternations of cold and of heat smite it and somehow it survives through them all and grows and grows and stands in storm and rain and blast, holding to that bough, and then on a perfectly still day in the autumn, when not a breath moves a leaf, when everything is absolutely at rest, that perfect fruit, fully ripened and weighted down with its own fulfilment, falls. We can mourn the blast and the frost that hurt the blossoms. We can mourn that which shakes the unripe fruit to the earth. We can deplore the hand that plucks away what seems finished of its promise; but a ripe life, why should it not drop into the lap of God, the great garner of all that He has brought to perfection? We are not here this afternoon to sob and moan and cry. We lift up our hands and hearts to God with gratitude for a life brought to a noble consummation, for a life completed. It ought to be so and it is so. And it is not with any mortuary platitudes that we surround this coffin. In that faith in which his soul was fixed we sing, not with lip service, the psalms of Christian godliness. It was his careful, tactful, forecasting mind that even for this day chose as the expression of his own ripe faith the words we have heard and shall hear, of Christian melody, of Christian thanksgiving. The words that were read our friend chose, and surely he would ask me to say for him, as I have so often heard him say for himself, that his refuge was in the abundant mercy of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and now that his lips have ceased, and the smile we loved has vanished, and the good gray head is pillowed away from our sight, once more and in God's house and with the very stanza that was so much cherished by him, let us confess his faith and our own:

Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
As thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be thou our glory now  
And in eternity.

May all of us, with all whom we have loved on this ground of so many associated memories, with all whom we have loved in the friendship of service, there may we all be gathered. Amen.

At the conclusion of Mr Stryker's discourse, the quartet sang *Rock of Ages*, the benediction was pronounced, and the cortège took its way to the cemetery, where, after the committal ceremony was had, the body of the great teacher and good man had sepulture.

#### MR SYLVESTER'S SERMON

On the morning of June 22, the Rev. J. Walter Sylvester, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Albany, to which Chancellor Upson formerly ministered, preached the following memorial sermon. His subject was *The Christian Life a Light to Men*, his text being from St John 5:35: "He was a burning and a shining light; and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light." Mr Sylvester said:

Doubtless it is a happy arrangement of Providence that we so soon forget those who pass away from the scenes of this mortal life. Nature is kind to us. She quickly heals our wounds; softly she soothes our troubled spirits. For the dreams that are blasted she gives us new hopes; for the friends whom we lose she gives us in exchange other companions, so that, while the number of those whom we love in this life may not be too much decreased, the number of those in the life beyond is constantly growing. One generation goeth, but another springeth up to assume the toils and sorrows, the victories and joys of life. One by one men pass to their long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Yes! for today, and possibly tomorrow; but the day after they have laid hold of their work, and time and labor push them on inexorably into forgetfulness.

Consider if you will the lessons suggested by one of the very old houses found on so many of the streets of our city. Think of the generations that have dwelt therein! Think of the births, the marriages, the deaths! How almost wholly have the memories of the old people, long since departed, passed out of the lives of the descendants who inhabit the house today. Their places have been taken, by those unborn, when they were called to their fathers. Old faces, old customs, even old friendships are forgotten. And this not because we are unworthy of the past, and faithless to its traditions. It is the way of life, and is ordained of God. How else would the work of the world get done? We may give some silent hour of the night to memories; but are not to forget that with the morning light there will come the pressing obligations of the actual and living present.

While, therefore, it is true that the great majority of people who pass on to the other life are soon forgotten, there is occasionally one the memory of whom will not so readily die. Here and there some man or woman is doing so great work in the world that to forget, in the brief compass of a few years, the life behind the work is impossible. There are certain people who win an enduring place in the memory of their fellow men. Neither time nor chance can rob them of the high regard in which they are held. Their words have deeply impressed us; their lives have been a revelation of the power of goodness. The example which they furnished forth in daily experience was as a "burning and a shining light." Even though they have passed on to the other

life, we find ourselves still living under the pervading influence of their presence. Though dead, they continue to speak, and we rejoice in all the holy and uplifting memories of their old associations with us.

During the last week we have lost out of our earthly fellowship one whom you will not readily forget. I say "our fellowship," for he to whom I refer, the Rev. Dr Anson Judd Upson, was for 10 years your pastor. This was his first and only church. He came here in the full maturity of his powers. He served you with commanding ability and increasing devotion. In the ministry of this pulpit and in the life of our city he was a "burning and a shining light," and you were willing—yea, eager—for a season to rejoice in his light. Now that he has gone, not out of life, but into life, it would seem eminently fitting that this pastor and people should render to his memory their tribute of affection and esteem. To this tribute I give myself most willingly; and, though my acquaintance with Dr Upson scarcely warrants any attempt at a critical study of his life and character, nevertheless certain characteristics of the man, as we all knew him, make it comparatively easy to give a fairly just though rather general estimate of his place and influence. I shall attempt nothing more, and shall be quite content if only I succeed in aiding you as a people to enshrine his memory in your hearts and to symbolize that memory in some fitting memorial of loyalty and affection. [The speaker here reviews the main facts in Chancellor Upson's life, elsewhere recited, and continues.]

Let me now ask your attention to certain considerations that seem, to my mind, involved in this brief study. Carlyle has said that you can not study the life of a great man, however carelessly, without learning something thereby. I should say of Dr Upson that he had, within certain limitations, marked characteristics of greatness, and these I will now attempt to point out.

And first, let me observe that his life was singularly consistent from beginning to end. He seemed always to understand his powers and to have them well in hand. From the first he was a student; from the first he regarded his life as an offering to the transcendent interests of education and religion; and, though for the greater part of that life he was a teacher, identified with the educational problem in our State, nevertheless, he ever regarded education as the handmaid of religion. To him the moral and religious interests were supreme. He took life not too seriously, but ever and always earnestly. He conceived of himself as an instructor in righteousness. He never thought of education as mere training in the classics and mathematics; he regarded it as the unfolding into full maturity of all the capacities and powers of one's manhood. Were time given to quote at length from his inaugural addresses as Chancellor of the University, you would at once see that his theories of education were not constructed to meet the passing demands of the hour. They were built up out of the solid material of his own experience. He was more than a little suspicious of the modern tendency toward specialization. Give the young man a broad and thorough education, he would have said; draw out every capacity of his nature by full and all round training, and he will be able to make his own special rules and readily adapt himself to every requirement. I find, in one of his more recent addresses, a strong if rather sharp discussion of this very point. "The symbol of a strict specialist," he remarks, "pursuing a straight line from the beginning to the end of his educational life, is not an oak, but a poplar. And for myself, I yet prefer the depth and breadth, the strength and durability of the ancient quercus."

Such an utterance was quite characteristic of Dr Upson. It was what I had in mind when I spoke of his being great within certain limitations. His very consistency was his chief limitation. To be against a thing because it is ancient is no more reprehensible than to be against it because it is modern. Great as were the ability and character of this man, he seems to have been unable to appreciate wholly the modern movement of thought in either education or theology. He was reared under the old standards, and unto the old standards he adhered to the day of his death. Forced as we are into admiration of his consistency, we are also forced to admit that it brought him into conflict with many of the 20th century ideals. Yet, where he opposed men and measures, it was with such open honesty, such tolerant spirit and such kindness of heart as to win, even from his opponents, respect and admiration. Where consistency served him she proved his strength; where she tyrannized over him she proved, in some measure at least, his weakness. He was a man of whom it might be said with singular truthfulness that his very defects were rooted in his virtues.

Having thus spoken of what I conceive to have been Dr Upson's chief limitation, I am prepared to go on and point out certain things in his character and work that greatly partook of beauty and strength. In a brief though happy tribute Vice Chancellor Doane spoke of his life work as more particularly educational. This is true, as I have already indicated; yet even in that work he was peculiarly a moral and religious instructor. I have read his annual addresses since his election in 1892 as Chancellor, impressed, all the while, by the religious—I might say the evangelical—tone of those utterances. Though he resigned his pulpit over 20 years ago he never forgot that he was a minister of Jesus Christ. He was something more than an educator; he was a Christian educator, and it is this fact, together with his pastorate in this church, that justifies me in considering him as preacher and man, while not overlooking the fact that he was technically a teacher. One is impressed not so much by his scholarship, profound and accurate as it was, as by his knowledge of the world, his acquaintance with men and the readiness with which he detected their needs and gave himself to them in a ministry of sympathy.

When, therefore, we come to consider Dr Upson as the Christian preacher, we find his life suggestive of many things which we need to emphasize in this modern day. My knowledge has been gleaned from those of you who well remember his pastorate, and from such printed addresses and sermons as have come to hand. From such data he stands forth a most thorough of painstaking ministers, specially in his preparation and delivery of sermons. His style was finished, and possessed of those prime qualities of clearness and force. At times he rose into real eloquence, but never passed beyond the limits of good taste. Occasionally one happens on a passage so elegant and chaste that it might well serve as a fit model for young men wrestling with the intricate mysteries of the art of public speech. Here was a man possessed of the most utter reliance on God, believing in the constant inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and yet in no way neglectful of patient and prolonged attention to all the little details and niceties of language. Even voice and gesture were regarded by him as essential to effective preaching. Indeed, he was highly distinguished for his power in presenting a theme, and the grace and charm with which he insinuated his beliefs. From his earliest years he trained himself and others in the fine art of expression. "Under the magnetic leadership of Dr Upson," says a

writer in an article on Hamilton College, published in one of our leading journals, "afterward of Albany and later of Auburn Seminary, the training in the department of elocution and oratory reached a degree of excellence unapproached in any other American college." This is high praise, but the record made by the sons of Hamilton bears out the claim and places Dr Upson in the very front rank of those men who have trained our American youth for public speaking; and the power of public speech is one of the most valuable safeguards to our republican institutions.

When we turn from the method to the matter of his discourses, we find, as we should expect, that he had elaborated the Gospel into a system. He was a firm believer in the value of a definite creed. "A minister," said he, in a recent address, "is called by a church, or ought to be, because of his creed." Here, in a single sentence, you get his point of view. He used to tell with great glee a story of the late Norman McLeod, a distinguished preacher of Scotland. Soon after his settlement over a rural parish, he called on an old Scotch woman. She watched him carefully for a while and then remarked: "I see your manners and your talk are well enough, but what I want to know is whether you can state the sax foondamentals. Give me those." Thus it was with Dr Upson. He gloried in the fundamentals. The preacher's first obligation, to his mind, was to believe the creed, *ipsissima verba*. As I have said, this was a limitation, but it was also a source of strength. It gave to his discourses a positiveness and directness that were of great power. His sublime certainty was one of the secrets of his eloquence. As one would expect, he was more an evangelist and teacher in the pulpit than he was a prophet. Yet he was not without insight and prophetic power. Above all, there was always a note of kindness in what he said. Attached as he was to his creed, he loved men and women even more. A kindly man, and one full of sympathy—a gentleman in the truest sense of that much abused word. He was a gentleman of the old school, and who shall say that the new school has not yet to prove its superiority? Dr Upson had sympathy; he was one with his fellow men. And it was this, rather than his creed, that made him so true a minister of Christ. This church which he once served has grown away from his creed; it can never forget the Christian power and spirit of his manhood. It can never forget that last tender message in his farewell sermon. How beautifully appropriate are the words to this occasion: "And now, brethren, for a season, farewell! It is not a separation forever. I shall never cease to be in reality one of your ministers, though in form I may have no such relation. It is not likely that, in the Providence of God, I shall ever have another pastorate. I may hope to be numbered among your ministers always. The two ministers you have had in the past never had a subsequent pastoral relation. And may I not hope to be numbered with them in your memory and in your sacred anticipations? For myself, you shall be my people always. You shall have my prayers and my sympathy as your minister. I shall rejoice in your success and be saddened by your sorrows. May it be our delightful privilege to worship together, 'The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'"

And so, though it may be true that his chief life work was in the wide field of education, there are those among you who will remember him as the preacher and the man—remember him as the man, the Christian gentleman, even more than as the preacher. He has passed out of our mortal sight, but his influence remains to bless our lives; his presence

is with us as a benediction to our church. He was a "burning and a shining light," and we shall continue to rejoice in that light. Our text is something more than a happy turn of phrase that fits itself to the thought of his ministry here. There is a striking significance in the choice of this symbol. Again and again in the Bible is the life of such a man as Dr Upson likened to the light. And how apt is the metaphor, in this particular case, will be apparent when you pause to consider the special function of light. Light radiates from a common center to all directions. It is free and spontaneous in its ministry. Its work is as unconscious as it is beneficent. How noiseless is the accomplishment of its mission! How soft and resplendent, as it strikes through the darkness and falls on the waiting earth! In the silence of the morning it comes to us unheralded, bearing in its genial glow the choicest blessings. It falls on stagnant waters and draws out of them into the azure heavens crystalline drops of purity. Oh light that transforms every common thing into a dream of beauty! Silent, mysterious, ineffable light!

Offspring of heaven first born!  
 Or of the eternal coeternal beam,  
 May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light  
 And never but in unapproachéd light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee.  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate!  
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
 Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God as with a mantle, didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.

From all I have said you will see how beautifully appropriate are the words of the Scripture that liken the life of a great and good man to the light. Have I ventured too far in saying of this man that he was a "burning and a shining light"? Had not the love of Christ been enkindled in his heart? And as the flame of a lamp shines through some exquisitely chaste globe, touching its cold surface into warmth and beauty, did not the kindling of the Christ love radiate from the inner sanctuary of his heart, transforming the mere scholar, preacher and man into a magnetic personality? Was it not a life of illuminating power? Is not the secret of his efficient service to be found in what Dr Bushnell so aptly called "unconscious influence"? We say of him today in our careless speech that he is dead; that the light has gone out. Thus we say of the day, that it dies. You have watched the sunset and been conscious of the deepening shadows. It has been a long day—one full of labor and of love. And now it is dying. The broken fragments of cloud are piled up on the far drawn horizon. The sun throws back its last rays, kindling and transforming the storm wrecks into a splendor that draws the imagination out into the invisible realms of God. Thus in one last burst of ineffable glory dies the long summer day. It is gone and darkness reigns over the earth.

Oh friends, would it not be well for us to consider that for every sunset there is a sunrise? The light continues to shine, though it falls not on our waiting eyes. The earthly life of a good man closes like the dying day. Shall we then say of him that his light has gone out? Say, rather, that it is caught up and absorbed in that holy and resplendent light that shineth forth out of the midst of the throne of God!



## ACTION OF THE REGENTS

At the meeting of the Regents held in Albany July 2, 1902, there were present the Governor and Regents Townsend, Fitch, Turner, McKelway, Beach, Carroll E. Smith, Sexton, T. Guilford Smith, Vander Veer and Lord. Regent Fitch presented the following minute, which was adopted by a rising vote:

The Regents place on their records this minute of appreciation of the spirit and of the work of the late Chanc. Anson Judd Upson during his 28 years of membership, and this tribute to his high personal character and eminent public service. Dr Upson's labors as a Regent of the University crowned his lifelong service to education. The experience gained through 25 years in the chair of the professor contributed to the signal qualifications displayed by him in the broader educational field to which he was called by his election as a Regent. In the art of teaching he was an adept, moral earnestness no less than intellectual force contributing to that rare power which he exercised over the minds of young men. His sympathies, thus broadened through experience, gave him a quick understanding of the needs of the schools committed to the charge of the University. His attitude toward the various interests within the control of the Regents was appreciative and sympathetic; his policy was progressive and marked by keenness of vision; his relations toward his associates and toward deliberative gatherings over which he presided were distinguished by urbanity, dignity, tact, and that charm of manner which honors both the head and heart.

The period of Dr Upson's chancellorship was one of the most important in the educational history of the State. The standards of education advanced; the institutions within the University multiplied; and the duty of the State to the citizen and the child received a more generous interpretation than ever before. In all the labors that these developments involved, the Regents cooperated with zeal and insight, counseling, persuading, directing; and no one more than their wise, alert and energetic head. Chancellor Upson, a scholar in the noblest sense, ever favored such an interpretation of the functions of the Regents as would diffuse the blessings of learning most widely.

Our relations with Chancellor Upson were always most cordial and sympathetic, and bound us to him with strong ties of respect and esteem. He rejoiced to meet with us and to lead us. He was a correct scholar, a stimulating teacher, a sincere and sunny friend and a just and kindly presiding officer. All loved and trusted him. He lived the life and died the death of the scholar, the gentleman and the righteous, and may our last end be like his.

Vice Chancellor Doane paid the following tribute:

The earthly end has come to a long, valuable, distinguished life in the death of the Rev. Anson J. Upson. My early relations with him were during his active ministry in Albany, when he was a pastor of the presbyterian church. My closest relations with him have been in our common membership as Regents of the University of the State of New York. It will not be thought in any sense derogatory to his power as pastor and preacher to say that Dr Upson found the fine and natural climax of his powers and his character, as Chancellor of the University of the State of New York. He was "a scholar and a ripe and good one." His experience, his interest, his whole instinct was in educational matters. He brought to the discussion and decision of the important questions coming before the Regents, the quick insight of a

trained, scholarly and well furnished mind. Keen and alert in the consideration of various questions, staunch to the traditions of the older academic habits of thought and work, he had wonderful youngness of appreciation for all that was best in the newer methods of education. He was a liberal conservative; holding fast to all the old anchorages, and yet free, with the swing of guarded and protected liberty, to move with the tides and winds of all advancing movements. And through all the stress and strain of argument and debate, his was the calm, judicial mind, whose positiveness and decidedness were tempered with the gracious geniality and the quiet humor of a nature that won us all to him by its attractive charm.

Dr Upson discharged the duties both of Regent and of Chancellor with a devotion, a distinction and a dignity which will enrol his name among the great Chancellors of the University of the State of New York.

Regent St Clair McKelway paid the following tribute:

The Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, the presiding officer of the Board of Regents, the Rev. Dr Anson Judd Upson, died at Glens Falls N. Y. on Sunday morning. He was born on Nov. 7, 1823, and would have been 79 years old on his next birthday.

His death will be regretted as that of a superior preacher, a teacher and author, as well as of an eminent official of the highest educational interest of the State. Moreover, he was a lovable, godly and just man, who won and held the affection of all who knew him. They were many. All the alumni of Hamilton College regarded him as a colleague or a father, according to whether they studied with him or under him. The heads of the universities, colleges, academies and high schools of this commonwealth, with their trustees and faculties, recognized his fidelity and wisdom in the office which made him their paramount representative in the government of the State. His rank in theology should also not be forgotten, for his work as incumbent of the chair of sacred rhetoric in Auburn Seminary was one of peculiar excellence.

There were, and are, many men of more conspicuity or celebrity than Dr Upson attained in the affiliated fields of religion, morals and instruction in which he wrought, but that fact was due to his modesty and magnanimity alone. He courted and coveted no man's gifts. He quietly and earnestly did his duty, where the lines of it were opened to him. He won the confidence and friendship, the esteem and admiration of pupils and associates to a degree none exceeded. That, with the approval of his conscience, sufficed for him. He lost himself within or screened himself behind his work. "Occasions" he avoided. Opportunity to do good he never neglected. The tributes of the crowd he shunned rather than sought. The still air of delightful and uplifting studies was the air he would breathe. And so, though his claim to "popularity" could not be established, his distinction among scholars was hardly below that of any contemporary American. And when as Chancellor he succeeded George William Curtis, after the latter's death, men of learning, of leading and of light knew that the office came to hands fit to hold it, to the hands of a man of fine culture, benign life and noble character.

The Board of Regents, to which he belonged from 1874 to his death, had no more trusted member. Within the period of his vice chancellorship and chancellorship, the State vastly enlarged its functions, and, after 110 years of existence merely by act of the Legislature, made it a

permanent body by constitutional mandate. The professions of law, of medicine and surgery, of dentistry, of veterinary medicine and of accountancy, as well as other professions, became by law dependent on the board's educational initiative and warrant. All the systems of competitive examinations affecting the standing and promotion of pupils in the higher schools, under the inspection of the State, had their genesis and control in the Board of Regents. Of them all, the deceased Chancellor was the wise guardian and the eloquent advocate.

The Board of Regents, in his time, and not in small measure because of his labors, passed from great to greater work. Always secure in the respect of the learned, it became a vital part of the entire scheme of education. It made itself as strong with the masses as before it had been with the representatives and with the institutions of classical and of scientific instruction. The cynical attitude of the uncultivated or the semitolerant attitude of coarse and ignorant political classes toward the board was corrected. It gave way to the respect of both for the board or to their fear of the strong hold which it had gained, and which it yearly increases, on the heart and the intellect of the plain people of the Empire state. This was the joy and is the crown of the man who has gone whither he was preceded by a vast army of his spiritual and intellectual children.

Much might be written of his personal charm and sanctity. But that belongs rather to the heart of friendship than to the province of public journalism. Every man had his love and his hand, none his envy or his enmity. Yet his affection was the product of strength and the heartfulness of a Christian scholar toward the sons of men, not the noncombatant sweetness and weakness of an invirile nature. The pulpit hardly had a more polished or pungent writer. The teaching chair never had a finer personal influence in it. The art of academic oratory never had a gentler or more effective instructor or exemplar. His pupils revered him. His colleagues loved him. Learning and the state poured on him honors that honored them. In fulness of years and at the summit of achievement he fell on sleep. He was ready for recall, for as he lived so he died. The readiness is all. The readiness was his.

On motion of Regent Fitch,

*Resolved*, That a memorial volume of the late Chancellor Upson be prepared under the auspices of the Regents.

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed by the Acting Chancellor, Regent Townsend, to prepare such a volume.

The Acting Chancellor appointed as such committee Regents Fitch, McKelway and Carroll E. Smith.

In accordance with the foregoing action, this volume has been colated, and the following Regents have added their tributes to those above given.

Regent Townsend says:

Chancellor Upson was a man who made the world better by living in it. He was a cultured scholar, a man of refined taste, whose every thought and expression was adapted to the rules of the most strict approval of our Christian and scholarly life. His life in the Board of Regents of the University was approved by every member of our board, and with us his memory will be with the blessed.

Regent Watson says:

A man of the highest ideals, combined with an almost childlike simplicity, he had filled with great acclaim, and at a very early age, the position of professor of rhetoric and oratory at Hamilton College, and of platform lecturer, and later was widely known as a distinguished pulpit orator, and Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, the fit successor of George William Curtis.

Always kindly and true to those whom he had once admitted to his confidence, he was guileless in character and sincere in every thought and action. By his influence on the young men who were trained for public speaking at Hamilton College, he gave to that institution a far greater and more enduring reputation than any other man who was ever connected with it.

Regent Turner says:

In the death of the Rev. Dr Anson Judd Upson, long an active and zealous member of the Board of Regents, and for 10 years its able and honored Chancellor, the State and his associates suffered a great and regrettable loss.

Conscientious and faithful in the discharge of every duty, calm and sagacious in council, clear of vision and sound in judgment, he possessed the confidence and sincere regard of those joined with him in the important work of the Regents, and freely gave to its service the wealth of his high scholarship and large experience without stint or measure.

Eloquent and persuasive as a preacher, he impressed those so fortunate as to hear him in the pulpit, as one whose saintly and lovable character exemplified broadness of faith, purity of life, the brotherhood of men and the virtues and charity of a Christian gentleman.

Distinguished and successful as a teacher, he won the steadfast love, respect and admiration of his pupils as he led them in ever ascending paths of progress and advancement, to the heights of learning and intellectual achievement.

In his threefold duties as teacher, minister of the Gospel and Regent, Chancellor Upson was an educator along broad lines and with high ideals; and he did much to promote advanced and harmonious action and a spirit of unity among the institutions of learning within the jurisdiction of the board, irrespective of creeds, parties or localities.

The story of his splendid life is a lasting tribute to his great attainments and nobility of character, his broad and catholic soul, his spotless record as a man and a citizen of the State he loved, the Divine Master he revered and served, and will become more illustrious as the years come and pass away.

Regent Beach says:

Chancellor Upson was a man of clear perceptions, strong convictions and sound judgment. His associates in the Board of Regents recognize and bear testimony to his zeal, ability and faithfulness in the discharge of his duties, and treasure the memories of his kindly companionship and valuable counsel. His genial, sweet and childlike disposition attracted and attached to him multitudes of friends, who contribute spontaneous and loving tributes to his memory. His was a beautiful life, crowned by a serene old age of singular sweetness and loveliness.

Regent Sexton says:

Since his death, as during his life, our beloved Chancellor, Dr Upson, has been often in my thoughts. My direct personal acquaintance with him was only during the last decade, and we seldom met except on the

occasions of the official gatherings of the Board of Regents; but his gentleness and grace—his sincere geniality, which increasing physical infirmities did not lessen—easily made me greatly to love him, as did every one who came within his sway.

Others have so justly recognized and fitly spoken of his talents and of the perfection of his culture—and he was, indeed, grandly endowed and admirably developed—that I wish to refer specially only to that characteristic in him which to me most distinguished him and was of higher value than his intellectual greatness.

The better I came to know Chancellor Upson, and the more I learned of him, the more he grew in my admiration as one conspicuous for consecration of his powers to uplifting helpfulness of his fellow creatures. It was that early settled purpose, plainly discernible in a retrospect of his career, which caused him to give up youthful ambitions and make his life work that of a teacher. And it was the sincerity of his animating purpose which made him so great and successful as a teacher; all there was of him, heart and mind, went into his work.

From the hopeful, well encouraged study of the law, he was called to give supposedly temporary assistance as an instructor in Hamilton College. In that experience, his mission and the great need for him therein were disclosed. And beyond comprehension, almost, was the need for such men in such endeavor at that time—the formative, organizing period of higher educational work in this country. He gladly gave himself to the cause, and with a devotion which enabled him to work miracles in developing the mental powers and fixing the characters of those so fortunate as to be subjected to his guiding instructions and fatherly influence. His former pupils rise up all over the world and call him blessed—ascribing to his faithfulness the most that is of worth in them.

To the accounts and conceptions of him in the earlier period of his college professorship my thoughts turn with great admiration. The service in which he then enlisted was exacting to the last degree; impossible of compensating material rewards—not even properly maintaining, but that did not discourage him, and the brave young professor kept body and soul together, as did some of his pupils, with the proceeds of vacation and other outside work. He had cheerfully put aside his alluring dreams of achievement and distinction for himself in his first chosen profession, and with unflagging zeal and energy he devoted his life and talents to the missionary work of helping to make other young men grow in moral worth and mental power. Marvelous was his success; noble and inspiring his example; blessed will be his memory. And delightful it was that in his declining years, and to the last, he should be the official and typical head of the University of the State of New York and of its great educational work.

Regent T. Guilford Smith says:

I am glad to have an opportunity of expressing my sense of obligation to the late Chancellor Upson, for the many courtesies at his hands during the past ten or twelve years. I am sure that every one of my colleagues feels as I do, in reference to his urbanity and courtesy. He succeeded Chancellor Curtis at a time when many of the plans laid out had not been fully accomplished; and we owe him much in the way of thanks for his firmness and care in carrying out what had been so carefully planned before his acceptance of his great office.

Dr Upson's connection with Hamilton College was one which he always treasured in his memory, and one which peculiarly fitted him

for his duties as Regent of the University. This warm feeling of the Chancellor's was more than reciprocated by all of the former students at Hamilton; and I hardly ever met one of them but that most affectionate inquiries were made as to Dr Upson's health and well-being. This slight notice will be incomplete without some reference to the Chancellor's warm advocacy of the powers of oratory, of which he was a conspicuous example himself, and which he felt was to some extent neglected in the curriculum of the present day. His ideal of oratory was probably as correct as that of any man in the country, and he deprecated the inflammatory style as much as any one could, but at the same time he felt it was a pity to neglect so powerful a means of advancing good ideas, as public speaking gave. In this I think he had the hearty sympathy of almost all modern educators.

Dr Upson was fortunate in living to an advanced age, and maintaining to the last his ability to do what was plainly put in his way, which he did so well and to the satisfaction and appreciation of all who knew him.

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